Is Off-B'way Theatre Pampered?—p.9

the village Voice
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A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DESIGNED TO BE READ

Vol. 1, No. 11 • Greenwich Village, New York • January 4, 1956

Leading Novelist to Write A Column for 'The Voice'

by Edwin Fancher
Publisher of The Village Voice

Beginning with our next issue *The Village Voice* will have a weekly column contributed to our pages by Norman Mailer.

Mr. Mailer needs no introduction to most of our readers. At the age of 32 he has already had a most controversial career, and each of his three novels has received almost a total spectrum of praise and abuse. For your curiosity we quote these samples, inspired by "The Naked and the Dead:"

"The greatest writer to come out of his generation"—Sinclair Lewis.

"Insidious slime"—*Life* magazine.

"Barbary Shore," Mailer's second novel, received perhaps the worst reception of any book by an important American novelist within anyone's memory. As an example, Sterling North wrote: "It is relatively rare to discover a novel whose obvious intention is to debauch as many readers as possible, mentally, morally, physically, and politically. . . . I presume the success of 'The Naked and the Dead' emboldened Norman Mailer to the point where he believed he could write and publish anything he wanted to. . . . When one has finished reading this evil-smelling novel one has an overwhelming urge to take a hot bath with very strong soap."



NORMAN MAILER

In Europe "Barbary Shore" was received more politely, and there were many reviews with careful praise in England, France, and Germany. One of the few American book reviewers to have a good word for it was Charles Rolo who wrote (in the *Atlantic*): "The new book has far stronger imaginative coloring, and it shows a remarkable advance in Mailer's writing."

His third novel, "The Deer Park," was in page proof and scheduled to be published in February 1955 when Stanley Rinehart, publisher of the first two novels, refused to proceed further with publication plans unless Mailer agreed to delete a passage of six lines. The six debatable lines took the author to six publishers before G. P. Putnam's Sons was willing to take a chance on the book. With its publication in October, "The Deer Park" received without question the most contradictory and confusing reviews of any novel in years. John K. Hutchens, writing in the daily New York *Herald Tribune*, said: "Presumably, 'The Deer Park' intends to say something about our time

Continued on page 2

Music, Roast pig and costumes at local fiesta

Two 30-pound roast pigs and other traditional native dishes will be the center of attraction at a colorful festival in a Village church hall on Friday.

The five-hour fiesta, sponsored by the Society of Christ the King (a non-sectarian society for the assistance of Puerto Ricans), will take place at St. Luke's Chapel, Hudson Street, and will include lively dancing to music by a Puerto Rican orchestra.

Bruce Mackenzie, Village spokesman for the society, told the *Voice*: "The festival is all part of the Puerto Ricans' 12 days of Christmas, and back home it goes on all day and night under the open sky. We've had to plan it indoors, of course, but most people will be coming in native costume and the festival will be as authentic as possible."

St. Luke's Chapel, which numbers about 50 Puerto Ricans among its congregation, holds a mass in Spanish each Sunday.

Switch GVA Speakers

In a last-minute change of program, the Greenwich Village Association's incoming chairman, Philip T. Lombardo, announced Monday that next Tuesday evening's GVA speaker will be Edgar Lansing, of the Port of New York Authority, instead of Corrections Commissioner Anna M. Kross. Mr. Lansing's subject will be Greenwich Village and the Waterfront.

RECTOR CALLS CHURCH CONTEST 'IMMORAL'



Taking with them skiis, woolies, and high hopes for snow, a group of boys and girls from the Metropolitan New York Council for American Youth Hostels, 14 West 8th Street, board buses on a week-end trip.

Hiking, canoeing, camping, and the first favorite, biking, are among other activities of AYH members. Last Wednesday, the 21st birthday of the national organization was observed at a reunion dinner at One Fifth Avenue with about 200 hostelers from all parts of the country present.

Hits ads in 'lewd' pulps

One year after first attacking a national church organization for sponsoring advertising in "sexy magazines," a Village clergyman is this week sending off 100 copies of a similar magazine—still carrying the ad—to Episcopal bishops throughout the country.

The Reverend Charles Howard Graf, Rector of St. John's church, told members of his congregation about the magazine during his sermon on Sunday.

"It is a so-called men's group magazine . . . full of salacious and pornographic material, unfit for children, young people, or anyone else . . . it is a burlesque show in print. At a matter of fact, its leading article is concerned with how to become a 'midway' queen. No church-connected agency would advertise in a burlesque



—William Kahn

FATHER GRAF

theatre program, yet here we find in this men's magazine a full-page advertisement of the A. C. U. contest."

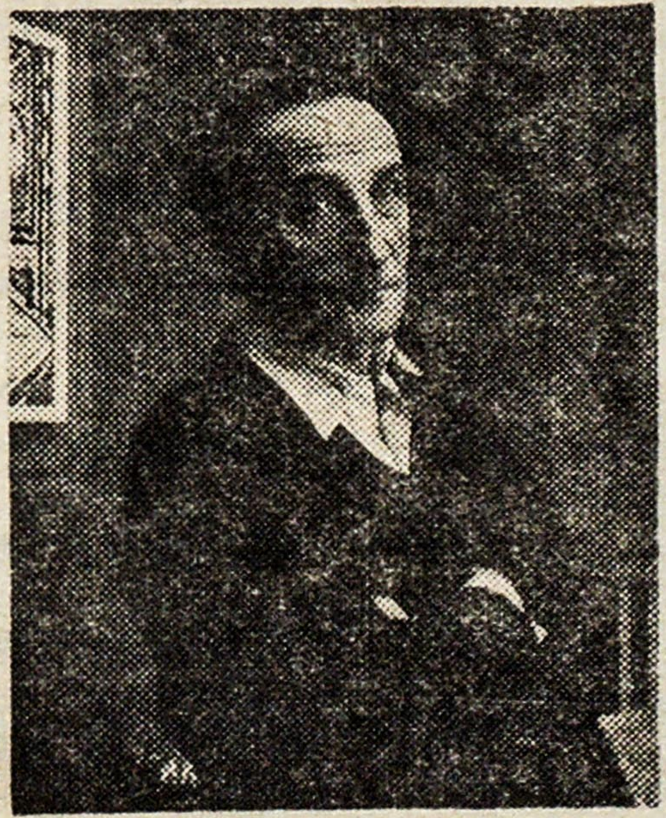
The A. C. U. to which Father Graf referred is the American Church Union, a body representing the Anglo-Catholic element in the Episcopal church, of which he was a board member until early in 1955. He resigned to protest its decision to raise funds by sponsoring a rebus-type puzzle contest advertized nationally in such magazines as *Confidential* and what he termed "other scandalous publications."

After Sunday's sermon the 42-year-old rector produced some of the magazines for reporters—*My Romance, Secret Confessions*, a magazine dated January, 1956 called *Challenge*, carrying a cover line headed "Is Your Sex Fetish Normal?" and the one to which he

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French Painter Who Shocked America Becomes U. S. Citizen

The man who painted one of the first paintings to shock the American critics and public became an American citizen on Friday after living in the Village for 13 years.



—Victor Obsatz

MARCEL DUCHAMP

Gray-haired Marcel Duchamp, 67, who was sworn in at a private ceremony in the naturalization office at Columbus Avenue, first came to this country from France shortly after his famous picture, "Nude Descending a Staircase," had rocked the critics at the 1913 Armory show. At the time—and for many years afterwards—he was one of the best-known exponents of the Dadist movement whose artistic expression was nihilism.

Duchamp, who first applied for citizenship papers in 1947, spends most of his time these days in his West 14th Street skylight studio, compiling portfolios of reproductions of his work. The majority of his paintings—along with "Nude"—are on permanent display at the Philadelphia Museum.

James Johnson Sweeney, director of the Guggenheim Museum, and Alfred Barr, director of the Museum of Modern Art, had agreed to act as witnesses for the naturalization ceremony if necessary. Before the ceremony Duchamp, who is married to the former wife of the late Pierre Matisse (son of the famous Fauvist painter), told the *Voice*: "I think it is wonderful to be an American. I've lived here so much of my life that I wanted to be able to stay. Now it will always be my home."

Norman Mailer to Contribute Column

Continued from page 1

and culture, but whatever that something may be, it is lost in a welter of dreary sexuality and a kind of moronic mindlessness. The really startling thing about 'The Deer Park' is that a writer of Mr. Mailer's gifts could have written it."

Malcolm Cowley, the well-known literary critic, was hardly in agreement:

This is the serious and reckless novel of the film colony which we have been waiting for since Scott Fitzgerald failed to finish 'The Last Tycoon' . . . A bigger achievement than 'The Naked and the Dead.'

And to compound the confusion, there were many reactions of intense ambivalence. Brendan Gill, for example, in the *New Yorker*:

A big, vigorous, rowdy, ill-shaped, repellent book, so strong and so weak, so adroit and so fumbling, that only a writer of the greatest and most reckless talents could have flung it between covers.

What may also interest readers of the *Voice* is that Norman Mailer lived until recently in a cold-water flat on the edge of the Village, has been a contributing editor to *Dissent*, and has never written a column before.

Although Mailer is a minority stockholder in the *Voice*, the opinions he will express are his own and will not reflect the editorial policy of the paper. What we may expect a little more uncomfortably is some of the possible reactions to what he has to write; for as the above reviews may indicate, Norman Mailer is nothing if not independent, unpredictable, disarming, and irritating by turns. So, forewarned, proudly, and with our fingers crossed, we welcome Norman Mailer.

Next week begins:

QUICKLY

—a column for slow readers
by Norman Mailer.

Older people also need some recreation, director explains before meeting

A three-day session devoted to emphasizing that nobody is ever too old to play starts at New York University on January 18.

Medical experts will get together with authorities on education and recreation to discuss the problems of older people and their need for organized relaxation.

"This country is coming to recognize more and more that recreation isn't just for younger people, but also for the well-being of the older man and woman," says Joseph Prendergast, executive director of the National Recreation Association, which is sponsoring the conference jointly with NYU.

Ronnie gets piano for Xmas but brother Gary is the one who plays it

A piano arrived in the Portadin apartment on West 10th Street one Christmas. It was meant for Ronnie, aged 10.

What actually happened was that Ronnie's younger brother Gary, aged six, started playing it—and couldn't be pulled off. Last year, eight years later, Gary's enthusiasm paid off with a WQXR award as the outstanding student of the year. Last week he broadcast over radio station WNYC, where he played a Mozart sonata.



GARY

Said Gary, one of the youngest staffers at Greenwich House Music School: "Music has always been everything for me; I hope to be a concert pianist or composer. But I'll go to college first."

And Gary's brother, Ronnie? He's now studying to be a doctor at NYU. Never did very much with the piano. Switched to the stringed bass.

Work stops as 20 kids tangle with newspaper

Two dozen enthusiastic kids invaded the *Voice* office Friday on a guided tour, and at least one said he planned to be a newspaper man when he grows up.

Members of the "Johntee" Playgroup, the children overwhelmed the business manager and picked at his adding machine; tried the addressograph; got the news editor to bribe them away with candy, and stamped "Voice" all over their arms in red ink. Their curiosity had been sharpened by an earlier trip to the printing plant on Walker Street.

PEOPLE

Dedicated to Room 300 at the Central Library where he did his research, "Texas as Blood Red," a new paperback Western by Villager **Shepard Rifkin**, 37, arrives on newsstands next week. Rifkin, a Village trucker by day, writes at his apartment on West 8th Street each night and submitted the manuscript to three publishers before Dell accepted it for a first printing of 250,000. "The first thing I ever wrote was an article about Venezuela for a new magazine called *Renascence* back in 1946," he told the *Voice*. "They paid me with a year's subscription and the magazine folded after two issues."



Honey-haired **Jennie Towle**, 23, became engaged last week to engineering physicist **Donald Farley, Jr.**, 22, a former college friend at Cornell, whom she met when both were in summer jobs at Lake Placid three years ago. They'll be married in the summer. Assistant to *Seventeen* magazine's executive editor, Jennie used to be a guest editor at *Mademoiselle*, where she met her **Perry Street** room-mate **Lyn Edginton**, who still works there.

New director of NYU's Office of Special Services to Business and Industry, Villager **Aaron Feinsot**, 32, began his appointment yesterday. With the services of all the university's faculty members to call on, the office plans executive training courses for people already in business. Says Feinsot, formerly a management consultant: "Many firms send executives to us to have them trained for higher posts. In addition to the additional technical skills required, men who are promoted to such positions often need to increase their knowledge of human relationships. That is part of the knowledge that we try to provide."

Born on **Thompson Street** 34 years ago, **Angelo Gazzola** recently returned to the Village as co-owner of a new restaurant, Topper's, on Sixth Avenue, and keeps discovering among his customers people he hasn't seen since school days. Gazzola, formerly a partner in a New Rochelle restaurant, had to move out when the throughway was built. "You could call me a DP from the New England throughway," he told the *Voice*.

Paying a return visit to the Village last week (he used to live on West 12th Street) movie-star **Jack Palance** window-shopped on West 4th Street, ate dinner at the Mexican Gardens, and ruefully inspected the ruins of the old Holley Hotel in Washington Square. "I spent my honeymoon there and named my first child Holley after the place," he recalled.

Pretty **Anne Louise McCarren**, 8, of **Charles Street**, was chosen to be New York's "Heart Fund Poster Girl" for 1956 and will appear in dozens of newspapers over the next few weeks displaying a list of New Year's resolutions to publicize the activities of the city's Heart Association.



Founder of the GV Neighborhood Committee for the Salvation Army, **Mrs. Charles H. Tuttle of University Place** will conduct the local fund appeal which begins Jan. 12. Mrs. Tuttle has headed the local committee for seven previous years and, with the help of 200 fellow-members, aims at raising $10,000 this year—part of a city-wide goal of $1,600,000.

There's Money in the Bank For the Missing Mrs. Gargani

Hundreds of dollars lying unclaimed in local and uptown banks could provide unexpected New Year's presents for Villagers. In most cases the money has been deposited and forgotten, the owner having died or moved away.

Among the long lists of unclaimed accounts that almost all banks possess are many "last-known" addresses in the Village area. Usually the accounts are small and have been forgotten.

John Morris, vice president of the West Side Savings Bank, the Village's oldest, told the *Voice*: "After 15 years the account is advertised by law and if unclaimed the money goes to the state. In the case of small accounts we generally find that they have just been overlooked.

Where they are larger and we haven't been able to contact anybody at the old address our next contact usually turns out to be a legal representative acting on behalf of the deceased's family."

Conducting the *Voice's* own treasure hunt last week, reporter Henry Grinberg chose a name at random from the list advertised this year by the Central Savings Bank.

The case of account number 1,222,521 concerns Elizabeth Gargani, of 41 Carmine Street. A formal letter to Mrs. Gargani from this paper informed her of the $469.69 that awaited her. It was returned by the post office with the notation, "Removed—no address."

Number 41 Carmine Street is a grimy building, at least 50 years old, in the south part of the Village. Among its tenants are elderly people, many of them widows and widowers. Some of them could have known Mrs. Gargani when she last lived there—1940, according to bank records.

But, in a shifting neighborhood, number 41 has been no exception and more than half its present tenants have moved in only in recent years.

"The name of Gargani isn't the least bit familiar," said one of them, Helen Evans, in a typical quote.

And another, Mrs. Mary Picarelli, commented: "It seems like a strange thing for a woman to move away without leaving word with the neighbors. Especially with money in the bank."

Inquiries at Anthony Lacorazzo's butcher shop downstairs met with a similar response. Did Mrs. Gargani eat meat? Apparently not from Lacorazzo's. "I can't recall any customer with that name," said the man behind the counter.

There's only one Gargani listed in the Manhattan telephone book, but there are others listed in Queens, Brooklyn, Westchester, Bergen, and Montclair, New Jersey. A call to each brought the same results—or, rather, no results at all.

Even with money in the bank, Mrs. Gargani might have received some assistance from City Welfare or Red Cross agencies. The records were checked, as were those of the Missing Persons Bureau. Not a trace.

If Mrs. Gargani is alive she will be 61 and stands to collect almost $500.

Half of all disabled applicants found jobs in 1955 report shows

A 69-year-old women with arthritis found part-time work to help supplement her old-age insurance benefits.

An 18-year-old high school graduate with only one hand secured a job addressing envelopes.

These are two of the total of 320 "severely disabled" whom the Federation of the Handicapped helped to find jobs during the year—half of all those who applied.

In a report from its West 14th Street headquarters last week a spokesman for the New York organization said that this placement figure—highest in the federation's history—was due to the "growing realization that many disabled men and women make good workers."

Timely Topic: Taxes

The topical subject of taxes comes up for discussion at a two-day conference in the Village next week. Both state and local taxation will be dealt with by 300 attorneys and tax experts meeting in New York University's Vanderbilt Hall, on Thursday, Jan. 12.

Villagers With Secret Didn't Puzzle Panel

Two Village clergymen appeared on a CBS television show last week because they share a unique distinction.

The clergymen, Dr. Jesse William Stitt of the Village Presbyterian Church, and Rabbi Irving J. Block of the Brotherhood Synagogue, puzzled the panel of "I've Got a Secret" and several million viewers until panelist Henry Morgan guessed their secret: "We both preach from the same pulpit."

The century-old church that both men share is at 139 West 13th Street, and for the past 18 months the Rabbi has conducted services there on Fridays while the minister preaches to *his* congregation on Sundays.

Dr. Stitt, who has been at the church for 16 years, told the *Voice* Friday: "It didn't take them long to guess our secret but it was an interesting experience and we were able to reach many more people by telling them about our activities."



Third Avenue isn't what it was and never will be again. *Voice* artist Bernie Golden went across to Cooper Union last week to make sketches of the last downtown section of the Third Avenue 'el' being demolished. Cooper Union, incidentally, will be the scene of an 11-week series on "How to Build a Better-Looking New York." Series will be initiated next Thursday night by Manhattan Borough President Hulan E. Jack and architect G. E. Kidder Smith, who will speak on "Third Avenue: Boulevard or Alley."

NEW BUSINESSES:

Two New Coffee Shops, Dry Cleaners' Open In Village

A man who lived in the Village 23 years ago is back here with the fourth in his chain of dry cleaning stores. He's Ned King, 46, owner of *Meurice French Dry Cleaners at 31 University Place.*

"The first question customers ask in a new store of this kind is, 'Are you sure you don't shrink the clothes?'" King told the *Voice* Friday. "Well, not only do we guarantee not to shrink clothes but we also use a new process that doesn't damage them. You could say that our process is the difference between persuasion and coercion.

"We make up our own chemicals on the premises to lure dirt away from the clothes like a siren luring sailors from the sea. Some cleaners don't like to handle dirt spots that are difficult—we love 'em because they represent a challenge to our spotters; they thrive on solving tricky problems."

The Meurice store, handsomely designed and decorated, has six employees, offers regular 24-hour service or a special three-hour service and is open Monday thru Saturday from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m.

By the time you read this, The Last Chance Caffe will have been open to the public for 18 days. Its three owners, Stan Gordon, 26; Natal Jacobina, 29; and John J. Crowe, 28, all have other jobs but with the aid of manager-cook Abel Pokras, 35, they manage to keep the restaurant open from eleven in the morning until two hours after midnight.

For a new business it has met with an encouraging response. On opening night the doors had been open barely half an hour when a group of four businessmen wandered in. "They ordered sauerbraten and potato pancakes" recalls Gordon, "and it must have been satisfactory because they've been back since."

The *Last Chance Caffee (20 Cornelia Street)* is decked out in Western motif with light oak panelling while hanging lamps, wagon wheels, and a hi-fi set are still to come and Village artists will decorate the walls.

A coffee bar with three sets of railings for patrons of different heights to lean on is a feature of the newly-opened *Demitasse at 102 West 3rd Street.*

The Demitasse also displays the original miniature stage settings of old Broadway plays and a new mespresso coffee machine which serves coffee with a creamy head.

Says proprietor Nick Lamanna, 49, a Villager for five years: "I think it's the only machine of its kind in the Village: we imported it specially from Italy and we imported a man along with it—just to make sure it works properly. Next month when a new chef arrives from Italy we shall start serving excellent dinners. At present we serve pastry, sandwiches, fruit and cheese."

The Demitasse is open every day except Monday.

Mosaics Spread Uptown

After a successful 12-months' operation with Bon Bazar, a mosaic craft shop off Sheridan Square, 30-year-old Edwin Hendrickson has opened a branch shop uptown in the East 50's.

Hendrickson, a Villager, got the idea for his first shop when he realized that all mosaic tile had to come from Italy and that very few stores were specializing in this material. He devised a do-it-yourself kit and soon had dozens of people building their own mosaic tables. A recent twist has been to add built-in lighting beneath the translucent table tops.

Tuesday-afternoon classes for expectant mothers will be conducted by a registered nurse at Greenwich House beginning January 12.

Early-morning window Shoppers nabbed

Driving along West 10th Street early Saturday morning patrolman Michael Augustine saw two men loading six portable typewriters into a car. It didn't take much investigation to find they had broken a window of the Francis Typewriter and Television company. Further inquiries revealed that the car, too, had been stolen from the parking lot at 7th Ave. and 13th Street.

The men, Joseph Weaver, 25, of St. Mark's Place and Edward Hall, 21, of Brooklyn, were arrested and appeared in felony court charged with burglary and grand larceny.

"Lima Beans" on 57th Street

Margaret Hillis conducts the first performance of a new one-act opera by Villagers Douglas Townsend and Alfred Kreymborg, Saturday afternoon at 5.30 at the Carnegie Recital Hall, 154 West 57th Street. The opera, "Lima Beans," will be part of a program which also includes works by Purcell and Bach, and the reading of "Hole in the Wall," a one-act play by Mr. Kreymborg. "Lima Beans" will be directed by Oscar Brand, still another Villager. Saturday's presentation marks the opening of the second season of offerings by "Twilight Concerts," a group under the management of Norman J. Seaman.

Son takes over

With his father still recuperating and unable to preach, the Rev. Philip F. Watters Jr., Minister of Oaks Memorial Church, Summit, N.J., will occupy the pulpit at Washington Square Methodist Church on Sunday.

School kids and puppets booked for television

When the puppeteers of P. S. 41 returned from vacation yesterday they found they were wanted for television.

The fifth and sixth graders will present their "Punch and Judy" puppet show this Saturday on the CBS television program "Carousel."

Forty children take part in the puppet class. "Last year we managed for the whole year on the PTA's $19 appropriation because people in the neighborhood kept giving us scraps of cloth. But we could use more volunteer help," says worker Mrs. de la Torre Bueno, of East 11th Street.

The seven young puppeteers—Hildegard Hammond, Lauro Bueno, Barbara Grant, Eileen Link, Nora Howard, Jacqueline Lessner, and Kathy Burns—made their own hand puppets out of *papier maché* and bits of cloth, during P. S. 41's after-school program.

Supported by the PTA, the class has been headed for four years by Mrs. Henry Hammond, who has been working with puppets and children since her college-age son was a toddler.

village calendar

WED. (today): "Healing Power of Prayer," Service, Middle Collegiate Church, 8 p. m.

THURS.: The Reverend A. Russell Stevenson speaks on Church World Service, Grace Church House, 6.30. "How to Build a Better-Looking New York"—start of series at Cooper Union, 8 p. m.

Round table discussion, Tilden Dem. Club, 603 Sixth Ave., 8.30 p. m.

FRI.: Recital, Pianist Claud Frank, Greenwich House Music Schl. 8 p.m. Lecture, Virginia Woolf and the Magazines, NYU, 100 Wash. Sq. E., 8.15 p. m.

Baha'i Faith public meeting, Hotel Parkside, Gram. Park S., 8.30 p. m.

Villagers stay home as 1956 arrives quietly

Maybe the low temperatures were responsible, but there was little sign of life in the Village as 1956 arrived. No false alarms were reported by local fire stations and police described it as "a quieter than usual Saturday night." Business in bars and restaurants picked up after midnight.

Spanish Fiesta, St. Luke's Chapel 7 p. m.

Dr. James Jarrett, Eastern Regional Director, Great Books Foundation, speaks at Adelphi Hall, 74 Fifth Ave., 8.30 p. m.

SAT.: Discussion, Seigal Theory of Opposites, Terain Gallery, 20 W. 16th, 8.30 p. m.

SUN.: Folk Sing, AYH, 14 West 8th Street, 8 p. m.

TUES.: Address, Greenwich Village and the Waterfront, at GVA's monthly meeting, Greenwich House, 8 p. m.

Lecture, Sidney Rose, Group Psychoanalysis as a Force for Democratic Growth, New Schl., 8.30 p. m.

the village Voice 5c

a weekly newspaper designed to be read

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Eleven Weeks Old

As the New Year begins it seems to us a moment to be grateful to all the people in the community—and their numbers are great—who have felt that something new is not necessarily something to be shunned. One eminent resident said in the beginning: "It's good you've started a paper. It gives us old-timers a sense of continuity and growth." He remarked that he had thought that our generation (the so-called younger one) was too cautious to take a chance on anything, and that it was a good thing that we had.

Well, the New Year is something for us to celebrate—if not in complete tranquility, at least with far deeper satisfaction than we had any reason to hope for. We are certainly grateful for that. There have been a few shunners and a few who were outraged by our presence—some even before they saw the first issue of the paper—but the smallness of their numbers has convinced us that the spirit of fair play is as characteristic of Greenwich Village as are all its other attributes.

We will be pleased if in 1956 the *Voice* reflects some of the virtues and, albeit, a few of the failings of the Village. We were not and are not trying to *sell* anything. There have been some few people who have found that hard either to believe, understand, or appreciate. But such is the case, and there is a whole community to judge us on it.

In this week's Letters to the Editor one of our most valued contributors and friends takes us to task by implication. We are glad that he is making his feelings known—and also that he agrees that an editor must, of necessity, be an arbiter of policy. Nonetheless, we believe that our vitality depends on the interference of our contributors and readers. As we said in an earlier editorial, omniscience does not automatically descend on the fledgling editor—at least not in the early stages of his apprenticeship.

The Press of Freedom

Dating Tips for Girls

By DORIS BLAKE

As one boy expressed it, "I like girls who don't look like boys." That is a big tipoff! Be feminine. Flat-heeled moccasins give the impression that you ...

... because you are free and easy when it co... dispensing affection is hardly a compliment! Your social success is doomed to a short life ending at the precise moment some lad decides to "kiss and tell." And don't think he won't! Boys often find the temptation to violate this part of the gentleman's code hard to resist.

However, if the issue of a kiss comes up in spite of your noble attempts to dodge it, you can still decline and have your date depart thinking you are pretty much his dream girl. If the fact that you have your door key out and ready by the time you reach home doesn't seem to have registered with him, say sweetly and gently, "Could we please save this for some other time?" Make it perfectly clear that it is the kiss you are turning down, not the man himself. If you don't hurt his feelings, he won't be embarrassed at your refusal. Ne... ...ch of a hurry to say goodnight that you forget ...

—*Dating Tips for Girls*

How Crazy Can You Get Dept.

"The real cohesion of a social group lies in this fact: that people like to waste their time together. It is this force that the Communists try to destroy. . . . Man is not a political animal; man is a chatting animal, and a time-waster. The State has no right to waste his time for him. When boredom is official, we have the Marxist State."

—From the Village Voice, Greenwich Village, N.Y. Nov. 16, 1955.

—*National Guardian*

WHO PROMOTED BERNARD BARUCH ?

—*Common Sense*

Psychiatrists Keep My Marriage Solid, Says Tony Curtis

—*New York Enquirer*

... made available for "moderate income groups." *The Village Voice*, local newspaper with a dash of art and John Dewey, prates, "Two thousand New York families have already been evicted this year—compared with 700 in the whole of 1954."

The modern sculptor Ibram Lassaw, speaking from the ... School ...

—*Intro Bulletin*

letters to the editor

The Only Notice

Dear Sir:

This is to thank you for the review by Kevin Sullivan, in the December 14th issue of your paper, of our production of "Finnegans Wake."

As of this date, yours has been the only notice to appear in New York papers. This possibly will be a point of satisfaction for you, though not for us.

—Catherine Huntington
Publicity Director,
The Poets' Theatre,
Cambridge, Mass.

From a Contributor

Dear Sir:

The editors of this newspaper have so far been fairly reluctant to exercise their editorial perogative: they have allowed me to write what and how I pleased, the only limitation being one of space. I am happy to say that this deplorable slackness has now been remedied to some extent in my case, and that a piece I wrote for The Press of Freedom, which was to have appeared in this issue, was eliminated—I understand by unanimous agreement. I congratulate my editors because they are running the paper, not the contributors. It was a frankly political piece and I have been informed that for better or for worse this is not a political newspaper. I am sorry about it because I was speaking not for the paper, not for any political group, but for myself. I always speak only for myself, and God knows that is difficult enough. For some inkling of what my piece was about I refer readers to page 6 of the December 27th issue of the *New York Times*—the story on the government's detention camps.

—William Murray
The Village Voice

[*Mr. Murray is in error. It is true that this is not a political newspaper; it is also true that this is not a political newspaper. His contribution was rejected, or so the editors believe, because it did not seem to them to treat an old subject in a new enough way.*—EDITORS, The Village Voice.]

Boxer vs. Boston Bull

Dear Sir:

Miss Peggy Calhoun, naturally proud of coming from a ranch in Texas, informs the *Voice* that female bulls are generally called cows. Indeed they are, but since the cow or *vaca* in the species of *toro bravo* is about as different from an ordinary cow as is a Boxer from a Boston Bull, I thought it would save unnecessary explanation and be self-evident to anyone but a Texan that a female bull is a cow of the species of fighting bull.

—Gus O'Shaugn
The Village Voice

To Keep Pace

Dear Sir:

Special thanks to you for your review of our "Romeo and Juliet." It gives us courage to read comment which, at least to us, stems from an intelligent understanding of our goals, difficulties, and accomplishments. Whatever deficiencies may be leveled against us, it is never painful when the judgment involved is respected. But it has been aggravating to read the criticisms of uptown critics who, in their writing, reveal such a pathetic ignorance of Shakespeare's theatre and such an inability to perceive the work accomplished by our group. The easy acceptance of our work as "simple" is enough to make one scream—as if that were probably not the most difficult goal for us to achieve.

Your paper is to be admired and encouraged by us all, for it would be a fine cultural contribution if criticism could be restored to its former glory and would keep pace with the newer movements in the theatre arts.

—Sylvia Gassel
Shakespearean Theatre Workshop

A Cross, An Insult

Dear Sir:

For God's sake, will you stop depressing my one life with your running reviews on the ballet?

Did you ever hear of the modern dancer, Sybil Shearer? If not, it's your solemn duty to be ashamed of yourself, since this Shearer is a *great* artist, an adventurous one, a mental-free one, a body-free one, and never one of those disgusting look-Ma-I'm dancing-"The Nutcracker" ones. Your not having reviewed her recent concert at the Academy of Music is your unenlightened cross to bear and a self-insult. Decidedly,

—Alan Kapelner
Jones Street

the lively arts

UNACQUAINTED with the laws of libel (and an intimidated citizen at heart), I do not dare to say that with the production of "Fair Play" (Studio One, CBS, December 26) an intellectual fraud was perpetrated on the American public. I leave that sort of thing to the TV critic who recently told me that his writings were responsible for the vast improvement in programs. My duty is merely to report.

The Way to Work . . .

REPORT: This is a play about the trial for murder of a private soldier—a trial by general court martial. The best legal talent available at the post is a lieutenant with only five months' practice at the civilian bar; his assistant appears to believe, as everyone else does, that the accused is guilty. Whether the formalities of military courts were faithfully represented I do not know and, while some of the proceedings looked fishy to me, this doesn't matter. So the best witness for the defense wasn't put on the stand—maybe there's a rule about not letting women appear. So there were fisticuffs in court—why not?

The defense lawyer is convinced of his client's innocence. Against the advice of old Army men, he appeals directly to the general in command. The general, by a skillful use of the either/or technique (the excluded middle), drives the young man into the position of accusing the whole military establishment of incompetence or prejudice and says he will write a damning indictment into the officer's record—permanently.

The lieutenant-lawyer then breaks out of barracks, manhandles an MP, forces him to confess that he and a pal committed the murder. The accused is then declared innocent (oh glorious justice!).

Then the general turns on the lieutenant, denounces him for "emotional instability," and tells him that before he had made his appeal for fair play, the court martial had become convinced that the accused was innocent and had undertaken an investigation to clear him! (A kind word for the lieutenant is added: "Devotion to duty.")

. . . Both Sides . . .

O GLORIOUS Army! O foul play—by which I mean the play we were permitted to see. Here was the trick ending, here was the "all-a-dream" effect. Here we got the whole denunciation of the military mind and yet (o glorious twist!) the military mind was more flexible, the military heart more compassionate, the military court more intelligent than our hero had been.

You catch, perhaps, a resemblance to the "Caine Mutiny" trial? Some six months ago Ring Lardner, Jr., in a brilliant piece in the *Nation*, analyzed several examples of this shabby intellectual hocus-pocus and correctly identified it as Mr. Wouk's little specialty. You will note that here we have no striving for the happy ending—the happy ending came when the soldier was proved innocent. We have the top example of working both sides of the street. And you know who works both sides of the street, don't you?

. . . of the Street

I GIVE you another example. All that fine print around the bottle of Angostura Bitters is interesting reading, no part of it more so than this: "As a stimulant for the appetite, one to four teaspoonfuls before meals . . . for flatulence, one to four teaspoonfuls after meals."

Studio One wasn't even a good "stomachic."

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

Miracle on Bleecker St.

Toronto, Canada

Dear Sir:

The Village is a thing you feel, and if you're lucky, the feeling will linger with you for years after, something to warm your memory on a cold winter night when you have moved away.

I lived from 1949 until 1951 in a tiny, two-room, two-story cottage with a backyard, directly behind a brownstone on King Street, and they were among the happiest years in my life. I guess I was fortunate, because my sector of the Village was "Little Italy." My Italo-American neighbors were at once more vital, more inbred, more detached, than the flotsam that would ebb and flow around their tightly circumscribed shores, and they accepted me in their world. I have only to smell the fine, ripe odors of a *pasticceria* and I am overwhelmed by heady nostalgia.

I first became familiar with the special savor of "Little Italy" through what semed, literally, a miracle. One July evening in 1948 I was strolling in the area of Carmine and Bleecker Streets, when I suddenly became aware of two brass bands blaring ahead, and row upon row of pink lights strung from house to house, and firerockets exploding at the stars.

I had just assumed a job as reporter for the newly-launched New York *Star*, and, naturally, sniffing a possible story, I rushed ahead. I was dazzled to see a white, 24-foot, intricately carved statue of what appeared to be a saint being pulled down Bleecker, with coal-black-haired girls seated gaily on flotillas.

"What's the celebration about?" I asked a vendor, who was busily serving the crowd hot sausages and *mozzarella* from his small cart.

"Don't you know?" he said. "It's because of Felix Paparella's miracle."

I managed to get hold of Felix Paparella, an excitable, voluble fellow with a handsome handlebar

Frank Rasky is the editor of Liberty, *largest-selling magazine in the Dominion of Canada.*

mustache, and I pulled him into a Bleecker butcher shop, where, while I scribbled on brown butcher paper in semi-darkness, he told me his story.

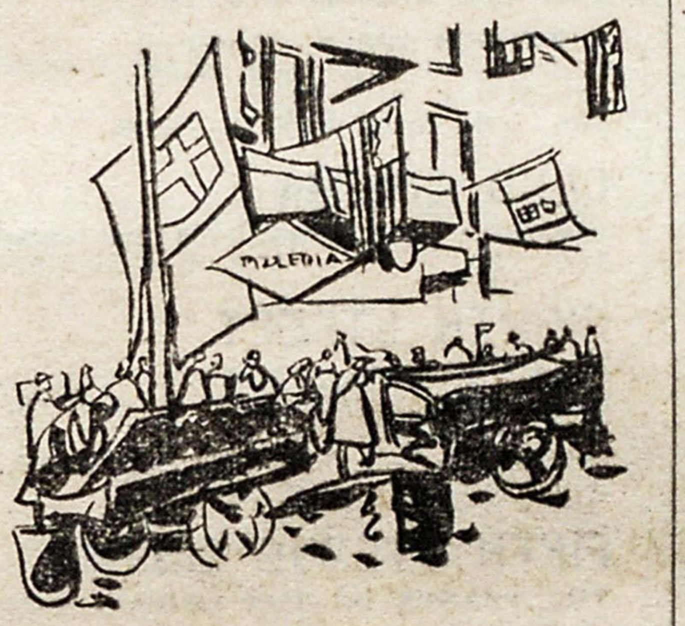
He said he was a cabinet-maker with a shop at 42 Carmine Street, and he had been carving a statue one afternoon. His chisel slipped, and he had almost severed the thumb and index finger of his left hand.

He rushed around the corner to Dr. Anthony Pigorrara, at Sixth Avenue and Bleecker. The physician looked grave. He took 24 stitches in Paparellas hand, but wasn't sure the fingers ever would be able to turn out the carvings for which Paparella was famous.

Paparella prayed. He prayed to Maria, Sacred Saint of Sovereto, the patron saint of Paparella's home town of Perlizzi, Italy. Then, when the bandages were taken off, his fingers were as nimble as ever.

So Paparella decided to celebrate his miracle. He invited everybody he knew—and told them to bring their friends—to a four-day festival which was to be climaxed by a Mass of Thanksgiving at Our Lady of Pompeii Church.

All that day Paparella and his friends rigged up the pink lights along Carmine and Bleecker and prepared the floats for a procession headed by his own lovingly carved statue. And Mrs. Paparella and her two daughters were busy baking



pies, cooking sausages and onions and peppers, preparing the cheeses, the ravioli, the *lasagna* and minestrone.

Along with 4000 of Paparella's friends, I helped to celebrate the miracle, helped with the dancing in the streets and the drinking of *chianti* and the lighting of firecrackers, and so I became familiar with "Little Italy."

My landlady on King Street, a stout, tempestuous woman who was always being chided by her "modernistic" young daughter for wonderfully fattening spaghetti and meat balls, was as neighborly as that, too. Whenever she was throwing a party for her Italian relatives—and it seemed she was throwing one every week-end—she would invite me in. Barrels of beer would be rolled into the kitchen, and the rug would be rolled off the parlor floor, and I would dance with the lovely Italian girls to the music of a creaky phonograph machine all night, until the relatives' children, who had been brought along, would all have fallen asleep in rows in the adjoining bedrooms.

The shy Italian lady who ran the delicatessen across the street on King Street was equally hospitable. When I got married, and we had a baby boy, after the *Star* had folded and I was jobless, this Italian lady was a good fairy to us. Not only did she extend limitless credit, she showed an inexhaustible concern for our child, and would have pampered him intolerably if we had let her.

I suppose I most admired my neighbors in "Little Italy" because they exhibited such a high degree of understanding. They respected anybody who wrote or painted for a living, and in the tradition of the Village they gave me peace and a feeling of equality, because they knew I was writing for the magazines.

Anybody else would have thought it perhaps bizarre that my friend Peter Martin operated a laundromat on the bottom floor of his building on Bleecker Street, and that on the top floor I helped him write and edit his experimental quarterly magazine, *Photography Workshop*. But my Italian neighbors did not think it freakish at all. "After all," they said, in their practical way. "The laundromat makes money, doesn't it? And something or somebody has to pay for art."

Even the Village eccentrics won their respect. Joe ("Professor Sea Gull") Gould, author of the 10-million-word "An Oral History Of Our Times," would sometimes wander into our neighborhood, bearing his familiar picket sign in protest against ersatz poets: "Joseph Ferdinand Gould, Hot-Shot Poet from Poetville, a Refugee from the Ravens. Poets of the World, Ignite. You have Nothing to Lose but Your Brains."

I finally left my cottage off King Street, but not because I wanted to. My wife was expecting our second child, and our two-room cottage, though bulging with happy memories, could not contain our enlarged family.

We ultimately moved to the bourgeois-ridden sterility of a Jackson Heights apartment house in Queens, and since have settled down in my pleasant home town of Toronto, Canada. Yet my wife, like myself, still nurses warm memories. —Frank Rasky

Hold the Fort!

West 70th Street

Dear Sir:

I am an émigré from the Village, chiefly because the new edifices down there have destroyed many of the $10-a-week brownstones.

Here on Central Park West we have towered beauties that make those new downtown edifices look like Elm Street in Kokomo. Are my present n e i g h b o r s poets, writers, painters? No, merchants, businessmen, hucksters. Do they congregate in 72nd Street coffee houses and bistros or play chess in Central Park? They wouldn't be caught dead in these places. They so dread the city streets and the too-public places that they stay in the lobby until the doorman succeeds in hailing a cab. The mores of the inhabitants of these palaces—complete with nicely white-gloved lackeys—seem to revolve about mink coats (wild, ranch, or blonde), the Concord in the summer, the Saxony in the winter, two-inch steaks, Cadillacs, and other material comforts. The great sin with this set is to have no money. Do they partake of the arts? Of course. Didn't they pay $20 a ticket to see "Anne Frank"?

The question arises: For whom are we trying to hold the fort? Paul Goodman said recently at the New School: "The present Village generations are hipsters and delinquents." Stephen Wolf in a letter to the *Voice* bemoaned the fact that "the Village is no longer Bohemia, nor is it any longer a place of creation or interest." Then he went on to call the Village a "sociological porridge of hoodlums, scandals, and tight pants."

What stratum of society do these men move in? Perhaps they are Central Park Westerners! No struggling artists in the Village today? How about the budding writer who turned down a lucrative job out in the country so he'd have more time to write; who washes dishes in a Village coffee house, sleeps on the floor of a five-story walk-up, and plays chess in the Square to get the cobwebs out of his brain after a 20-hour writing session. How about the young graduate of the Art Students League who makes week-end jaunts to the Catskills as a busboy to acquire "loot" for a trip to Paris for further study? And there are many more.

The pursuance of any creative art is a lonely experience. Like the mystic, the artist produces best in simple surroundings with a minimum of distraction. However, to relieve the loneliness, the companionship of kindred spirits is sought—not in saloons showing TV fight pictures four nights a week, not in dollar-a-shot-bars, replete with discussions of the relative merits of Anaconda Cooper or A T & T, but in intimate coffee houses and bars peculiar to the Village, with their art exhibits and chess games.

Perhaps the publications of a community are a good indication of the thought-patterns of its residents. The sterility of community newspapers on the Upper West Side compared with the live content, the awareness, the sensitivity of the Village weeklies, give a warning of what will happen to other aspects of Village life when the deadly effect of real-estate syndicates forces your section, too, into the city-wide conformity.

—Frank Uthoff
(*Waiter and Sunday Painter*)

Kinetoscope, Meet Vitaphone

HOW SOUND CAME TO THE MOTION PICTURE

by William Kenly, *managing director of the Fifth Avenue Cinema.*

A memorable performance took place at the Warner Theatre on Broadway (now the Mark Hellinger) on August 7, 1926. This evening spelled finis to many a prosperous Hollywood career and opened new vistas for the entertainment world. Perhaps the fear of the power of radio had incited the great stir of activity which led to the talking film just as the threat of television alerted movie-house owners to accept the big wide screen some 20 years later.

On April 26, 1926, Warner Brothers and Western Electric had announced the perfection of Vitaphone. This early sound process involved a turntable employing 33 1/3-r.p.m. records especially synchronized with the picture being screened. Movietone, originating with Fox, burst upon the industry in February, 1927, and provided a less complicated system: the sound accompaniment to the film was recorded directly onto the celluloid near the sprocket holes. It took four years before Warners accepted this simple form of sound reproduction and began printing the sound track on film.

The epoch-making event at the Warner Theatre 30 years ago consisted of a motion-picture program of several short subjects plus a silent feature film ("Don Juan," starring John Barrymore) equipped with sound effects and a musical score. The sound for this program came from a speaker (similar to the one in a radio set) situated behind the motion-picture screen. Will Hays began the program, addressing the audience from the screen and introducing the new form of entertainment. In other short films there was singing by Martinelli and Anna Case, and Mischa Elman played his violin. The New York Philharmonic under the direction of Henry Hadley performed the score for the feature film; but most important of all, the short subjects presented people who could be heard as well as seen—there was the miracle!

In October, 1926, the second sound feature was released ("The



Better 'Ole"), with talking short subjects featuring stage performers George Jessel and Al Jolson. Whenever the film companies produced talking short subjects, they hired artists from other facets of the entertainment fields rather than players from their Hollywood lots. The sound film was still in its experimental stage and the West Coast was approaching the microphone monster cautiously on tip toe. The Roxy Theatre presented the first newsreel in sound—Fox Movietone News—on April 25, 1927. Silent films of the period were issued with synchronized scores and sound effects ("Wings", "Seventh Heaven", "What Price Glory"), but not until the Warner boys made "The Jazz Singer" did the human voice sound out in a feature film.

The all-talking picture emerged by accident. Hollywood was afraid of the mike and equally afraid of forcing exhibitors to install expensive equipment in their theatres for something that might be a fly-by-night gimmick. George Jessel had been a great success on the New York stage in "The Jazz Singer" and was given a movie contract by Warners. However, when Jessel learned that he was to repeat his role as the 'pop'-singing cantor for a sound feature, he stormed off the set. Although he had appeared in talking shorts for Vitaphone, he maintained that his picture contract called for roles in silent films, and refused the lead in his former legitimate hit. Al Jolson accepted the role and the rest is common knowledge. G. J. lost his niche in screen history and Jolson soared to the heights as the first star to be created by the sound film. It is also to the enthusiasm of Jolson that the world owes the creation of the talking film.

Originally, "The Jazz Singer" was conceived as a silent film with the usual sound effects, a musical score, *and* songs by Jolson (until then, only short subjects presented artists speaking and singing from the screen). During the shooting of a café scene, Jolson was directed to sing a number and bow to the applause of the extras who represented the film's audience. Upon the conclusion of the song—"Dirty Hands, Dirty Face"—the studio audience loudly beat their fists for Al's effort; Al was so taken back by their enthusiasm that he shouted "Wait a minute! Wait a minute! You ain't heard nothin' yet!" Some enterprising (or careless) studio technician permitted these lines to appear on the rushes; the producers were so pleased at the impact of this ad-libbed dialogue that they ordered a dialogue scene to be added between Jolson and Eugenie Besserer, playing his mother. "The Jazz Singer" opened at the Warner Theatre on October 6, 1927, to tremendous popular acclaim. In the closing moments of the film, when Jolson dropped to his knees and warbled "Mammy," he was serenading the birth of a new industry and foretelling the doom of the silent picture.

'Goat-Gland' Talkies

Warners began inserting dialogue sequences in their sound films ("Glorious Betsy," "Tenderloin," "Noah's Ark") to test the public reaction to the sound movie mummer's voices. These part-talkies (referred to in the business as 'goat-gland talkies') proved moderately successful, and those prating pioneers, the Warner brothers, took another step forward with "The Lights of New York," the first all-talking picture, which was released in July, 1928. There was now no turning back.

Universal entered the fray in October, 1928, with "Melody of Love;" Paramount released "Interference" in November of the same year—both 100 per cent talking pictures. At first, two versions of motion pictures were offered exhibitors: one silent with titles and one with sound and dialogue. Eventually, after road-tours of talking pictures had whetted the public's interest, more and more theatres installed sound equipment. As this happened, fewer silent versions were prepared, until finally every theatre owner had to convert to sound or else be content to show only the handful of silent pictures still available.

The talking film cancelled production on many silent films in the late 20's. The public demanded sound with their film fare; sound effects and a musical score were not enough for the cash customers—they wanted to hear their loved ones speak from the screen. Gloria Swanson, under the direction of Erich von Stroheim, was half way through the shooting of "Queen Kelly" when the microphone came over the horizon. The film was never released—was never completed—and cost la Swanson much of her time and fortune. The lay public many years later caught a few feet of this drama in "Sunset Boulevard," when Norma Desmond stood up in the glare of the projector to exclaim with gestures: "They don't make faces like that any more!"

F. W. Murnau, the talented German director, was brought to America by William Fox on a long-term contract. He made the beautiful "Sunrise", but became dissatisfied with the mediocre scripts handed him and left the Hollywood flesh pots. With Robert Flaherty aboard his yacht, Murnau sailed off to the South Seas to make movie masterpieces away from the confining studios. Flaherty and he disagreed on approaches to Flaherty's script, with the result that the documentary genius departed from the project.

Continued on page 12

at the movies

ART

ONE STEP TO ETERNITY (Wed-Tue)
Wed, Thurs: 1, 4.05, 7.10, 10.20.
Fri, Sat: 2.25, 5.30, 8.30, 11.30.
Sun, Tue: Same as Wed, Thurs.
Parisian playboy discovers loose railing on his balcony and decides to dispose of one of the four ladies in his life. Michel Auclair, Danielle Darrieux.

8 O'CLOCK WALK (Wed-Tue)
Wed, Thurs: 2.40, 5.40, 8.50.
Fri, Sat: 1, 4, 7, 10.
Sun, Tue: Same as Wed, Thurs.
A movie somewhat on the theme of "M", but this time the suspected rape-murderer (Richard Attenborough) didn't do it. Not a bad British flick.

CLUB CINEMA

COURIER OF LYONS, 1939 (Sat only)
8.30. 10.
Pierre Blanchard in a dual role—the highwayman and the innocent victim.

EIGHTH STREET

I AM A CAMERA (Wed-Tue)
Wed, Thurs: 1.25, 3.30, 5.40, 7.50, 10.10
Fri, Sat: 1. 3.05, 5.10, 7.15, 9.20, 11.20.
Sun-Tue: Same as Wed, Thurs.
Julie Harris excellent in a film that becomes funniest in its caricature of a wild Bohemian party.

FIFTH AVENUE CINEMA

THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN, 1938 (Wed only)
2.10, 5.15, 8.30.
Sacha Guitry in a tour-de-force combining French impudence and alleged history.

LE PLAISIR, 1954 (Wed only)
3.40. 6.55, 10.10.
Three Maupassant stories expertly handled by Gabin, Darrieux, and others.

TABU, 1931 (Thurs-Tue)
Thurs, Fri: 3.35, 6.20, 9.
Sat: 2, 4.40, 7.25, 10.05.
Sun-Tue: Same as Thurs, Fri.
Murnau in the South Sea Islands. His last picture.

DON JUAN, 1927 (Thurs-Tue)
Thurs, Fri: 2.15, 4.55, 7.35, 10.20.
Sat: 3.15, 5.55, 8.40, 11.10.
Sun-Tue: Same as Thurs, Fri.
Barrymore in one of the last of all the silents, and one of the first with added sound effects.

SON OF THE SHEIK, 1926 (Thurs-Tue)
Thurs, Fri: 2.25, 5, 7.40, 10.25.
Sat: 3.20, 6, 8.45, 11.15.
Sun-Tue: Same as Thurs. Fri.
Valentino, who is still everything your mother says he was.

GRAMERCY

I AM A CAMERA (Wed, Thurs)
12, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10.
See capsule comment for the Eighth Street.

THE DESPERATE HOURS (Fri-Mon)
12.10, 3.25, 6.45, 10.
Top acting (Bogart, March), taut atmosphere; in short, a well-done thriller.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE IRISH (Fri-Mon)
2.15, 5.30, 8.45.
Jack Warner with the Abbey Players.

THE TENDER TRAP (Tue)
Schedule not available.
A comedy glorifying the adolescent view of love and marriage. Sinatra, David Wayne, and Debbie Reynolds, who looks like a Coke bottle.

GREENWICH

THE CAPTIVE HEART, 1947 (Wed-Sat)
Wed, Thurs: 1.05, 4.15, 7.20, 10.25.
Fri, Sat: 2.25, 5.25, 8.25, 11.25.
Young Scottish casualty of WW II finds that life is worth living after all.

SARABAND, 1949 (Wed-Sat)
Wed, Thurs: 2.40, 5.50, 3.55.
Fri, Sat: 1, 4, 7, 10.
Slow, ponderous, -but somehow engrossing picture about the House of Hanover on the make for the British throne. Flora Robson, Stewart Granger.

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY, 1953 (Sun-Tue)
2.35, 6.15, 9.55.
The James Jones novel, more or less.

THE WILD ONE. 1954 (Sun-Tue)
1.10, 4.50, 8.30.
Black-leather jacketed Marlon Brando on a motor bike. A Sam Kramer movie cordially hated by this department, if by no one else.

LOEW'S SHERIDAN

TRIAL (Wed-Tue)
Wed, Thurs: 12.20, 3.35, 6.50, 10.05.
Fri, Sat: 1.15, 4.35, 7.45, 11.05
Sun-Tue: Same as Wed, Thurs.
A rumored rape, a near lynching, and an oversimplification of almost every issue on earth. Kennedy is the rabble rouser; Glenn Ford as good as usual as the lawyer; Dorothy Maguire as good as possible as the crazy-mixed-up-kid.

TWINKLE IN GOD'S EYE (Wed-Tue)
Wed, Thurs: 2.15, 5.30, 8.15.
Fri, Sat: 12, 3.15, 6.30, 9.50.
Sun-Tue: Same as Wed, Thurs.
Mickey Rooney, and the rest is up to you.

WAVERLY

GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING (Wed, Thurs)
12.10, 3.25, 6.45, 10.
Harry Thaw shoots Stanford White, or is it the other way around?

LAND OF FURY (Wed, Thurs)
2.05, 5.25, 8.40.
Jack Hawkins, Glynis Johns colonize New Zealand in 1820.

THE DESPERATE HOURS (Fri, Sat)
12.35, 4, 7.30, 10.55.
See capsule comment for the Gramercy.

LADY GODIVA (Fri, Sat)
2.35, 6, 9.30.
Maureen O'Hara as a plump and overworked Lady Godiva.

BLOOD ALLEY (Sun, Mon)
2.40, 6.15, 9.55.
Wayne and Bacall rescue a whole Chinese village from the Communists, mostly with the help of a Yang-tse River stern-wheeler. Incroyable. One beautiful shot of Bacall dashing down a pier under gun-boat fire.

I DIED A 1000 TIMES (Sun, Mon)
12.50. 4.25, 8.05.
"High Sierra" warmed over, with Palance and Shelley Winters.

THE TENDER TRAP (Tue)
12.15. 3.30, 6.45, 9.55.
See capsule comment for the Gramercy.

THE CROOKED WEB (Tue)
2.15, 5.25, 8.40.
Lovejoy, Denning, and all the boys in an international track-'em-down.

EVENTS AND OPENINGS

"Dandy Dick," the Victorian farce by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero which has not played in New York since 1887, opens at the Cherry Lane Theatre next Tuesday evening (see photo at right). Opening-night curtain is 8 p.m.; curtain time thereafter is 8.40, Tuesdays through Sundays, with a 2.40 matinee Sunday afternoons. The comedy is the fifth of Director Warren Enters' "Proscenium Productions." Its cast consists of Skedge Miller, Dee Victor, Felix Deebank, George Turner, Susan Brown, Barbara Stanton, Walter Klavun, Will Giles, Bill Moor, and Olive Dunbar.

Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" will be presented by the Henry Street Players this Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings at 8.30. A cast of 40, headed by Archie Smith as the Stage Manager, has been directed by Gerald E. McGonagill. Admission is $1.25, and reservations may be obtained by calling OR 4-1100.

From the Henry Street Playhouse there also comes word that "Saturdays at 3," its series of entertainments for children, resumes this week with an offering of "Musical Fun with Syd Skolsky."

A new group called the Downtown Theatre—not to be confused with the Downtown Players—presents Moliere's "Don Juan" (in English) in a production that opened last night and will be reviewed in the *Voice* next week. The Downtown

Continued on page 11

at the theatre

ACTOR'S PLAYHOUSE
OUT OF THIS WORLD
8.40 except Mon; 2.40 mat Sun.
The Cole Porter musical about gods and goddesses. Closes Sunday.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY
8.40 Mon & Sat midnight only.
The Kurt Weill folk-musical. To be reviewed.

AMATO
FLOYDADA TO MATADOR
8.40 except Mon; 2.40 mat Sun.
Three plays and an epilogue by William Saroyan, but with little of the Saroyan magic.

ARGO PLAYERS
GOLDEN ALLEY
A comedy by Burt Marnik. Opens Friday.

CHERRY LANE
DANDY DICK
8.40 except Mon; 2.40 mat Sun.
Opens Tuesday. To be reviewed.

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE
THE CRADLE SONG
8.40 except Mon; 2.40 mat Sun.
Lola d'Annunzio starring in a bland but moving comedy about a group of nuns who inherit a baby.

DOWNTOWN THEATRE
DON JUAN
8.40 except Mon; 2.40 mat Sat, Sun.
Moliere's great play in English. To be reviewed.

FOURTH STREET
THE CHERRY ORCHARD
8.40 except Mon; 2.40 mat Sat, Sun.
A well-wrought production of the Chekhov masterpiece—too well-wrought for some tastes.

GREENWICH MEWS
TROUBLE IN MIND
3.40 Tue-Thurs; 2.45 mat Sun.
Race prejudice examined with refreshing wit, yet too much insistence. Run extended through February 5.

HENRY STREET PLAYHOUSE
OUR TOWN
8.30.
Fri-Sun only.

HUDSON GUILD
SEE HOW THEY RUN
8.40 Fri, Sat.
A comedy by Phillip King. Plot: funny. Acting: roughshod.

JAN HUS AUDITORIUM
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
8.30 except Mon; 2.30 mat Sat, Sun.
Opens January 13.

ORIGINALS ONLY
THE PERRY COMMITTEE
8.40 Thurs, Fri, Sun.
A play by Harry Wagstaff Gribble, in a staged reading.

PHOENIX
SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR
8.30 except Mon; 2.30 mat Sat, Sun.
The Pirandello masterpiece in a production masterfully directed by Tyrone Guthrie. Run extended thhrough January 15.

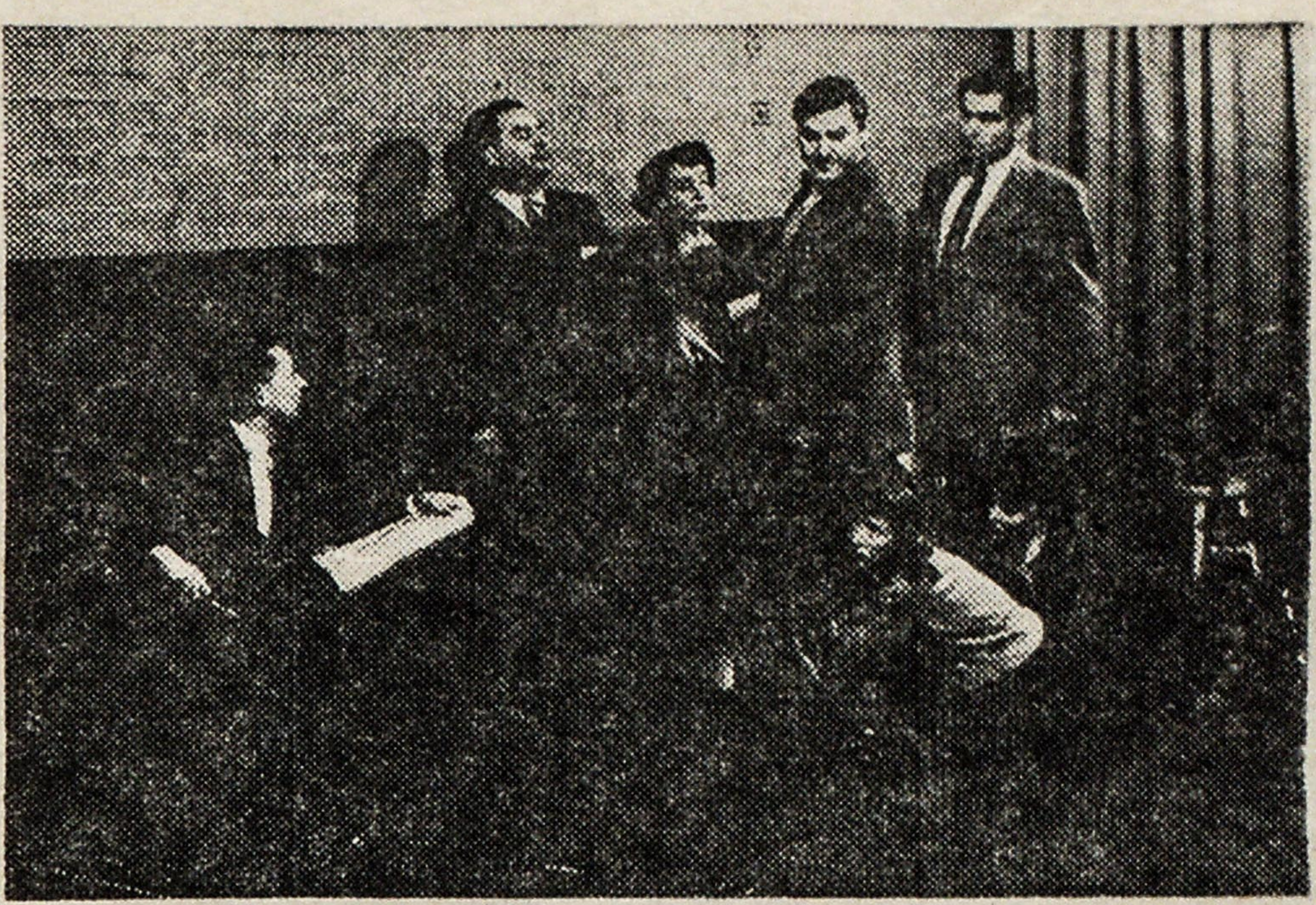
PROVINCETOWN
PINAFORE
TRIAL BY JURY
8.45 Thurs-Sun; 2.40 mat Sat.
Third G & S presentation in 5-week repertory.

ROYAL
LA FLAMME
8.30 Wed-Sun.
To be reviewed.

SECOND AVENUE
THE WEDDING MARCH
8:30 Mon-Sun; 2:30 mat Sat, Sun.
Squelched sobs, moist eyes, and a few bits of realistic acting.

SHAKESPEAREAN WORKSHOP
ROMEO AND JULIET
8.30 Thurs-Sat.
A company with youth, ardor, and volatility does a nice job with this great, peculiar tragedy.

THEATER DE LYS
THE THREEPENNY OPERA
8.40 except Mon; 2.40 mat Sat, Sun.
Lotte Lenya back as Jenny in an Americanized version of the famous, misanthropic Bert Brecht-Kurt Weill musical non-comedy.



Voice photo by Gene Dauber

DIRECTOR WARREN ENTERS *(left) rehearses a scene in "Dandy Dick," the Pinero comedy which opens Tuesday at the Cherry Lane. The players here: Walter Klavun, Dee Victor, William MacDougal, Willard Giles, Barbara Stanton, and Susan Brown.*

theatre uptown

by Vance Bourjaily

The joke in Thornton Wilder's **"The Matchmaker"** is something like the joke in "The Boy Friend," or in one of those comedy-revivals of nineteenth-century melodramas which were popular a few years ago. There are times when we are laughing, if we are laughing, not so much at a play as at a period. The sets, costumes, mannerisms, dramatic form, and sometimes the language have a quaintness calculated to fill us with a warm sense of being considerably less naive than our grandparents. The high balderdash content of this illusion is easily demonstrated: "East Lynne," "Charlie's Aunt," and the rest were not considered part of the important dramatic literature—or even necessarily the high-grade entertainment—of their time. Rather, they were the low commercial successes, given the kind of extraordinary life which a bad high-budget movie may achieve in touring today. I suspect that when Liberace's "Sincerely Yours" and the Martin and Lewis comedies are revived in 50 years, people will be quite willing

Continued on page 11

The Baird Marionettes

Last week at the Phoenix.

"I'm looking for a child," the masculine voice on the other end of the wire informed me, "to see Bill and Cora Baird's marionettes at the Phoenix. Are you available?"

Marionette? Who me? Oh, well, I thought, why not. I'm a child, somewhat elderly, it's true, but perhaps I could forget that for an evening.

The children and the aged children at the Phoenix were completely enchanted by "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and the other program selections—Surrealist puppets, soldier puppets sabre dancing to the Gayne ballet suite, rock-n'-roll puppets.

The dolls themselves are witty, highly inventive, and just plain wonderful. The next time the Bairds are playing nearby, if you haven't got a child, grab the nearest one and go. M. B.

ART

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART: New Acquisitions

by Dustin Rice

The newest acquisitions of the Museum of Modern Art are currently being displayed in the rooms adjacent to the exhibit of Latin American architecture.

The most necessary additions for the historicity of modern art are those of the German Expressionists; Nolde's "Islanders" and "Christ Among the Children," Schmidt-Rottluff's "Pharisees," and Müller's "Bathers"—works by the young painters known collectively as "Die Brücke" ("Bridge"), who, active in the first decade of the century, emphasized strong colors and distorted proportions. Stunted figures bearing enormous heads reminiscent of Romanesque sculpture, painted with coarse brush-strokes in violent colors, reveal the brutality of the style; but often, as in Müller's "Bathers" with its lemon-yellow emaciated figures, there is a restrained quality of composition and drawing showing a strong influence of Cézanne.

There are other early Expressionist works which help to fill this void—an hiatus, characteristic of American collections, which we inherited from the French, who will not admit the value of anything remotely connected with Germany. Munch, Ensor, the "Bridge" and "Blue Rider" painters, major artists of the twentieth century, are hardly represented in the museums and collections of this country, with the exception of the Museum of Modern Art, which seems to have concentrated on Max Beckmann—and his suavity in handling color is incidentally more like the French than like the other Expressionists. His early picture, "The Family," and the very impressive triptych, "Departure," both in the Modern Museum collection, make the newly acquired "Descent from the Cross" seem pale, which it is, but also—a matter of opinion—dull and unconvincing.

The acquisitions of works by lesser-known artists are unimpressive beside the modern "old masters," and I cannot understand why the museum seems so proud of the "discovery" of primitives, an idea old hat by the 1920's; for instance, the plainly dull and vapid panels of one T. Hamblett.

Sculpture fares well because of Isamu Noguchi's "Even the Centipede," which is formed in exciting material and is tantalizingly totemistic in contrast to his picayune cute "Big Boy," also new. This art ist can always be relied on to produce in a continuously exciting way while other Americans of his generation and importance seem to wear thin, possibly because they are afraid to vary their style.

"Men Fishing from a Pier," by the English sculptor Leslie Thornton, is amusing and interesting, but the decoration for the Time-Life building in London by his more famous compatriot Moore must have tired that artist as much as it bores us. Could the artist be emulating the high mediocrity of his patrons?

Weinberg's "Ritual Figure" is derived from modern Italian sculptors such as Manzu, but it is vulgar and lacks the finesse of Marini, who is here represented by a sensitive portrait of the late Curt Valentin, friend and patron of artists as well as pioneer amongst dealers. It is fitting that a champion of so much that is lively and important in art should be honored among these new acquisitions.



—Museum of Modern Art

"BATHERS," *a painting by Otto Muller, newly acquired by the Museum of Modern Art.*

Commedia dell'Arte: Costumes, Masks, and Photographs

At the New York Public Library.

Room 73 at the Central Building of the New York Public Library is presenting an exhibit inspired by the work of Salvatore Guida, dancer and mime, and Humbert Monaco, designer and costume-maker, both of whom live on West 3rd Street. Mr. Guida's work derives from the tradition of mime found in the Commedia dell'Arte, a visual history of which is here presented in excellent photographs by Peter Basch, and in prints, engravings, masks, costumes, and drawings. The show reveals the universality of mime, in the Orient, in the Near and Far East, and in the West, and illustrates its timelessness as revealed in the works of Heironymus Bosch, Tiepelo, Jacques Callot, Picasso, and others.

In the Commedia this universality is expressed in the almost unchanging stylization of the main characters: Harlequin, Pierrot, Colombina, Scapin, etc. But mime also has its modern American counterpart, portrayed at the library in stills from the early films of Chaplin, Keaton, Fields, and Turpin. There is also an invaluable quote from Chaplin: "I saw that everything I was trying to do was in some way derived from the Commedia dell'Arte. Charlie was a shabby Pierrot. The more I studied the Commedia dell-Arte, the more I realized that Charlie was in existence long before I invented him."

—Robert Stone

Archipenko Stresses Universal Art-instincts At Art Center Talk

"Wasps don't receive diplomas in engineering and spiders don't teach bridge construction, but they share with man in creativity through a universal inspired and inevitable instinct," a renowned sculptor told his audience at the Village Art Center last Wednesday night.

Alexander Archipenko accompanied his talk with slides, tracing the symbols of primitive and ancient art. Despite the isolation of wide flung sources, the concepts of these peoples took startlinglingly similar form, he pointed out.

"The creative impetus is not discovered, and does not function at its highest, because of present-day academic education," the sculptor said. "It is perceived only by those individuals abandoned to self, who begin to sense the cosmic design that informs self and environment, and through this realization conceive of great art."



—Museum of Modern Art

WOMAN COMBING HER HAIR

A Sculpture (1915) by Alexander Archipenko

The speaker went on to point out that Italian architects in their towers had used the same spiral principle of certain sea shells, and that the advanced principle of Frank Lloyd Wright's hanging floors, suspended by cables, had been anticipated by wasps in the interiors of their hives.

Archipenko's talk coincided with the opening of the Village Art Center's mid-season sculpture and drawing exhibition. The gallery, at 39 Grove Street, is open from 1 to 6 p. m. daily.

books

THE TRAIL OF THE DINOSAUR and Other Essays

By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan, $3.50.

by Arthur Oesterreicher

Koestler says that this book marks the end of his literary preoccupation with politics. "Cassandra has gone hoarse," he writes in a prefatory note, "and is due for a vocational change." These essays are a sad case in point; it is hard to believe they were written by the distinguished author of "The Yogi and the Commissar," "Darkness at Noon," "Scum of the Earth," and "Arrow in the Blue."

Granted that these are largely chips from the workbench—newspaper articles, radio talks, book reviews, prefaces, and the like. But they are written with a shrillness of tone and deadness of feeling which take much of the sting out of what might otherwise have been a provocative collection.

Take "The Little Flirts of St. Germain du Pres," which the publisher's blurb hails as a "devastating exposé of pseudo-intellectual leftist dilettantes." Ostensibly it is a review of Manes Sperber's "The Burned Bramble," but it soon develops into a free-swinging, Indian-Joe-style attack on Jean-Paul Sartre, who is anything but pseudo-intellectual and is far from being either an artistic or political dilettante. Not even Sartre's recent political gyrations justify baiting along the lines of: "They are the semi-virgins of totalitarian flirtations; the Peeping Toms who watch History's debauches through a hole in the wall . . . Oh, you little masochists of the Age of Reason, how you itch with impatience to be raped!" (It is rather revealing that Koestler, writing in "The God That Failed," once described himself as having formerly been "one of those half-virgins of the Revolution who could be had . . . body and soul, for the asking.")

Koestler has never been altogether successful as a political pamphleteer pure and simple. There is a curious absence of humor and humanity in most of his work. Notice the ever-recurring, and not always precisely applied psychoanalytic jargon ("A Guide to Political Neuroses"); his love of the scientist's graphs, charts, and accurate measuring tools, which he repeatedly applies to history and human behavior ("The Trail of the Dinosaur"); and the extreme opinionatedness which must be characteristic of any "unhonored" prophet who, despite the Korean War, NATO, and an anti-Communist coalition that shapes up as the largest and most potent bloc of its kind in history, still sobs in a broken voice that he and his ex-Communist friends are the Only Ones Who Really Understand . . .

I wish there were nice things to say about "Dinosaur." But the non-political essays (on Judaism, the novel, snobbery, science fiction) also strike me as being heavy-handedly d o g m a t i c—particularly "Judah at the Crossroads," which declares that Jews today must choose between becoming citizens of Israel or "ceasing to be a Jew in the national, religious, or any other meaning of the word." He is at his best in this book only when analyzing the deficiencies of the British Labor Party and the economic downfall of France in the post-war period. At the end, however, one is left with an uneasy feeling that the dinosaur of the title is perhaps no one but the author himself.

Pen and Brush Show

An exhibition of watercolors by club members opens this week at the Pen and Brush Club, 16 East 10th Street, and will remain on view from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. daily through January 17. Giorgio Cavallon, Nanno de Groot, and Frances Avery formed the jury which has awarded the following prizes for the show: Lois Bartlett Tracy, first prize; Anna Eisner, second prize; Lyn Cortland, Lesley Crawford, and Grace Treadwell, honorable mentions.

Theatre Note: In my piece on the Shakespearean Theatre Workshop's production of "Romeo and Juliet" (December 21) I committed the unforgiveable error of making a slighting reference to an actor named John High when I was really talking about another actor entirely; in short, I misread my program. Mr. High certainly did not deserve the censure, and I apologize to all concerned. J. T.

At the Galleries

CAFE CARICATURE, 116 MacDougal. Paul Georges; open evenings after 8.

EIGHTH STREET, 33 West 8th. William Fisher, through January 17.

HUDSON GUILD, 436 West 27th Street. Children's paintings from France and French Morocco, through Saturday. Opens January 12: Mark Baum.

JAMES, 70 East 12th. Group show, through January 28.

KOLTNOW, 192 West 4th. Gallery artists.

LIMELIGHT, 91 Seventh Avenue South. Photographs by Leon Levinstein, through February 11.

LITTLE GALLERY OF HUDSON PARK LIBRARY, 10 Seventh Avenue South. Opens Thursday: Fourth annual photography samples, through January 3.

MORRIS, 174 Waverly Place. Robert M. Freimark, through January 21.

NYU ART EDUCATION GALLERY, 80 Washington Square East. Work by faculty and students, through Friday.

PEN AND BRUSH, 16 East 10th. Water-color exhibit, through January 17.

PERDALMA, 400 West 23rd. Drawings and small paintings, through January 13.

REGINA, 254 West 23rd. Group show, through January 14.

ROKO, 51 Greenwich Avenue. Bernard Langlais, through January 26.

SALMAGUNDI, 47 Fifth Avenue. Opens January 13: Annual auction exhibition, through February 3. Auctions Friday evenings at 8.30.

TANAGER, 90 East 10th. Contemporary American sclupture, through January 19.

TERRAIN, 20 West 16th. "Logic and Emotion," through January 15.

TRAVIS, 23 Jones. Paul Bertelsen and other artists.

VILLAGE ART CENTER, 39 Grove. Mid-season sculpture and drawing exhibit, through January 13.

VILLAGE CAMERA CLUB, 65 Bank. Photographs by Gertrude Kasebier. Opens Sunday: Saul Leiter, through January 29.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF HENRY JAMES

Edited, with an introduction, by Leon Edel. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $4.

To the Deerfield Summer School
[*Summer* 1889]

I am afraid I can do little more than thank you for your courteous invitation to be present at the sittings of your delightfully sounding school of romance, which ought to inherit happiness and honour from such a name. I am so very far away from you that I am afraid I can't participate very intelligently in your discussions, but I can only give them the furtherance of a dimly discriminating sympathy. I am not sure that I apprehend very well your apparent premise, 'the materialism of our present tendencies,' and I suspect that this would require some clearing up before I should be able (if even then) to contribute any suggestive or helpful word. To tell the truth, I can't help thinking that we already talk too much



—Alice Boughton

HENRY JAMES
in New York in 1905

about the novel, about it and round it, in proportion to the quantity of it having any importance that we produce. What I should say to the nymphs and swains who propose to converse about it under the great trees at Deerfield is: "Oh, do something from your point of view; an ounce of example is worth a ton of generalities; do something with the great art and the great form; do something with life. Any point of view is interesting that is a direct impression of life. You each have an impression coloured by your individual conditions; make that into a picture, a picture framed by your own personal wisdom, your glimpse of the American world. The field is vast for freedom, for study, for observation, for satire, for truth." I don't think I really do know what you mean by 'materializing tendencies' any more than I should by 'spiritualizing' or 'etherealizing.' There are no tendencies worth anything but to see the actual or the imaginative, which is just as visible, and to paint it. I have only two little words for the matter remotely approaching to rule or doctrine; one is life and the other freedom. Tell the ladies and gentlemen, the ingenious inquirers, to consider life directly and closely, and not to be put off with mean and puerile falsities, and be conscientious about it. It is infinitely large, various, and comprehensive. Every sort of mind will find what it looks for in it, whereby the novel becomes truly multifarious and illustrative. That is what I mean by liberty; give it its head and let it range. If it is in a bad way, and the English novel is, I think, nothing but absolute freedom can refresh it and restore its self-respect. Excuse these raw brevities and please convey to your companions, my dear sir, the cordial good wishes of yours and theirs,

—Henry James

(Reprinted by permission of Dr. Edel and the publishers.)

dance

Masks, Props, Mobiles

A presentation last week by Alwin Nikolais, at the Henry Street Playhouse.

There were wonderfully free imaginations at work in the successful numbers of Alwin Nikolais' experimental program last week at the Henry Street Playhouse. "White Figure," by Beverly Schmidt, was draped in sheeting and swayed, extended, trembled and blew. The movements of the figure had the effect of making the space around it vitally alive and palpable. In "Noumenon Mobilis," the two jersey-tubed creatures were completely fluid in shape, exactly like free-form sculpture, yet possessing human qualities—humor, terror, poignancy. It culminated dramatically as the jersey was pulled in tight and the human being suddenly appeared.

The reasons for the success of the better pieces are these: first, the music and lighting were satisfyingly integrated; then the potentialities of the props and costumes were fully developed, and their particular properties were utilized as qualities of the dances. Movements of dancers and objects were precise and steady, without illusion-destroying clumsiness. The humor seemed not imposed but the result of unexpected shapes and configurations. In the pieces where objects were not fully worked with, the movement was insignificant. It would seem that the identification with objects opens up new and exciting sources of movement in a field which is already becoming limited in scope and inventiveness. Certain it is that this identification caused the dances to be totally involved in Theatre rather than in Self, and this is a healthy path for modern dance to follow, as Henry Street showed us. —Marianne Preger

[The editors would be obliged if directors of dance groups would send notices to the Voice of previews and open rehearsals of new work.]



MUSIC NOTE

What a gem "The Mikado" is! Even when it is being most horribly mangled by the shoddiest treatment, an occasional flash of wit, some shred of melody will thrust its reassuring way through the deadly haze of incompetence and buffoonery to remind me of this. Fortunately the American Savoyards were back at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last week to soothe my frayed nerves with the kind of brilliant rendition this opera deserves. I wish I had the space to sing the company's praises at greater length. Let me content myself for now by saying that, once allowances have been made for the absent orchestra and the tiny chorus, the Savoyards leave the current D'Oyly Carte Company badly in the lurch. I'd be fascinated to see what producer-director Dorothy Raedler could do with even half the resources of the English group. —William Murray

The Off-Broadway Theatre: A Few Words Pro and Con

[One recent day "a think-piece" came through the mails from Charles Marowitz, who is both a regular drama reviewer for this newspaper and a fledgling off-Broadway producer-director. (His recent "Faustus" is reviewed on page 11.) The Marowitz piece was found worthy of publication on its merits and was forthwith submitted to two leaders of the newly formed Off-Broadway Association, who were invited to reply at equal length, with no other strings attached. They declined the invitation—as a matter of fact, it still remains open—and the piece was then submitted to Millicent Brower, an actress and also a Voice critic, who had expressed an interest in composing an answer of her own. The two articles follow, con and pro.—J.T.]

"If We Protest Fakery"

by Charles Marowitz

The off-Broadway theatre is in danger of being killed with kindness. Condescension is more the word.

Metropolitan reviewers and the general public alike tend to soften their criticism of little-theatre productions, citing low finances, humble circumstances, inexperience, and a bevy of other excuses as ridiculous as they are destructive. If organizations as threadbare as the Tempo Playhouse and the Shakespearean Workshop are capable of artistic success, then how can we honor the excuses made for more highly-endowed groups?

If the press began to treat the off-Broadway stage as if it had standards, that much-coddled theatre might make greater efforts to meet them. Broadway, for all its shortcomings, does achieve a certain level of competence; there is a modicum of taste at work there; high finance demands it. On the off-Broadway stage, where budgets are lower and more can be attempted, such taste is conspicuously absent. There is more bathos, brummagem, bull, and downright crud on the off-Broadway stage than anywhere else in New York. Any little clan of pseudo-directors, pseudo-producers, and pseudo-actors that raises the necessary funds can offend as many theatre-goers as it succeeds in seducing into its playhouses.

No one questions the right of these people to mount film-flam and call it theatre, just as no one should question the right of reviewers to expose that flim-flam for what it is. But reviewers persist in diluting their honest reactions. They mollify, they condone, they excuse—and in so doing, permit disgraceful presentations to continue and even to prosper. Thus mediocrity begins by being sanctioned and ends by being blessed.

Of the 20-some groups now active off-Broadway, only a handful possess taste and organization. A man named Enters is brushing away cobwebs with daemonic avidity at the Cherry Lane; a burly chap named Ross is reminding New Yorkers that once upon a time there lived a great playwright named Anton Chekhov; two displaced Broadwayites named Houghton and Hambleton are making thunder down on Second Avenue. Though there are others like them, there are many more who approach the theatre as if it were some de-

Continued on page 11

Off-Broadway Theatre Hooray

by Millicent Brower

The off-Broadway Theatre is not in danger of being killed by kindness condescension, or any other unoccupied noun you care to come up with. The metropolitan reviewers and the general public, far from softening their criticisms, have kayoed with giddy nonchalance such off-Broadway productions as "The King and the Duke," all the productions at the Rooftop Theatre, and, more recently, the Saroyan playlets at the Amato Theatre.

Taste is conspicuously present, indeed happily abundant, in most of the current successful off-Broadway productions.

Any little clan of pseudo-directors or pseudo-anybodies is quite free, and I urge them, to produce anything they can manage to get on the boards. Democracy means just that, still. And a certain faith in the public convinces me that this sturdy crowd will eventually resist being seduced into the wrong theatres, and, I hope, into the wrong any place.

As for a comparison between the "level of competence" achieved on and off Broadway, I find there's some bull going on uptown, too.

But let's go back a little. It's 1949, the summer time. Very hot. And if you get on the downtown IRT around 7.30 p.m., you find a cluster of nervous actors hiding under dark glasses, their faces edging down inside their thin collars. You recognize Joan Jones from the last Actor's Equity Meeting. "Hi, Joan Jones," you say brightly.

"Go away," the lady whispers darkly.

"But—but—I"—you mutter, confounded.

"I never saw you before in my life," she says with a fierce glare, "and the name is Clara. Clara Clark."

Ah, those brave performers, creeping downtown, cloaked with false names, to perform in one of the two off-Broadway productions playing at the time. Because it was against the rules of Actor's Equity for any member to appear downtown or in any group that did not hold Equity contracts. Forfeiture of membership in Equity

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Village Shopper

Peggy Tallmer

One of these afternoons take a walk down East 8th Street and over to Broadway. You will really be amazed. Instead of old rat-trap row there are strings of beautiful new stores and restaurants, and not so beautiful new buildings. If you are a hardware maniac, go over to Town Hardware, on Broadway. The store is stocked with real intelligence, the merchandise is cleanly displayed, the aisles are huge, and the salesmen are enthusiatic and helpful. There are expanding closet rods, light plugs that snap on in a minute, Pyrex perks with plenty of stock on the parts I always break, plastic trays for making sliver ice, spaghetti servers in chrome, tomato slicers, the complete Rubber-maid line in all colors, magnetic oven mitts that will hang anywhere on your stove or icebox, baked-enamel flame-tamers that fit over the gas jet for heating up Chemex coffee-makers and Pyrex casseroles, the new six-cup Chemex, all the Revere line, copper cannister sets, household tools, plain and fancy café-curtain hardware, ceramic door knobs, chest knobs, and switch plates decorated with delicate roses, and, in a few weeks, the new Dutch Boy paint that dries in 20 minutes and is ready for the second coat in two hours. At last a hardware store that has everything.

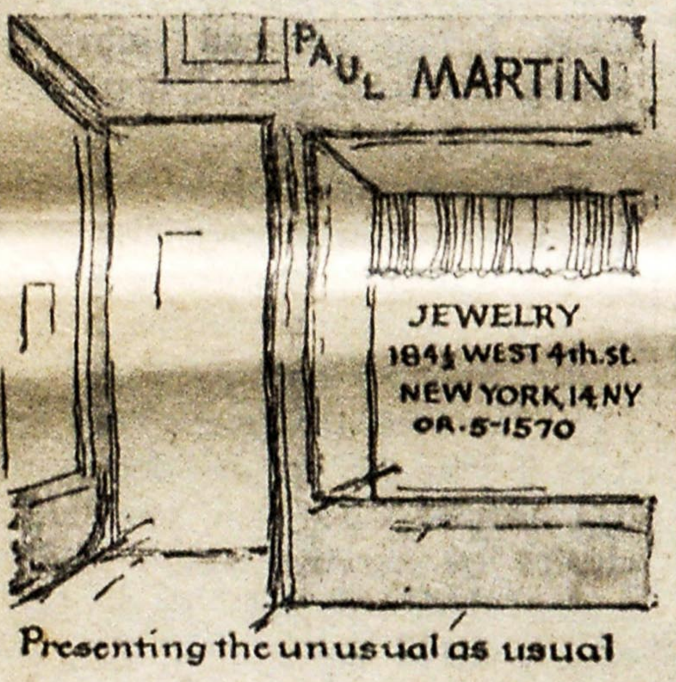
In the window of Century Furniture, around the corner on 8th, are three lambs'-wool rugs, one light brown, one white, and one blue; $24.95 each. Perfect things to creep out of bed onto before the heat is up in the morning, or to cover couch or floor pillows for luxury living.

Across the street at Modern Decor is an excellent buy—a basket chair on iron legs, for $10.95. Two of these plus two bright cushions would almost furnish a quarter of most living rooms.

The Downtown Bonniers

Merrill Ames, still on 8th, is really the downtown Bonniers, only better. The items are far more carefully selected in terms of cost and beauty, and many more countries are represented. On display are a pair of Swedish andirons that are copies of an old Norse sea monster. The serpent's "chest" and his head with darting tongue makes the front of the andiron, and his undulating tail makes the log-rest; $13 the pair. (A single would be very handsome on a shelf or mantle). Also from Sweden is a very sculptural candle snuffer. The lowered, antlered head of a reindeer holds the cone that snuffs the candle; $1.50. From Italy there is a large collection of marvelous marble fruit, about $2 the piece, a group of vases and bowls by Venini, and a charming little bowl that seems woven of clear and translucent glass; $2.55. From France a series of covered white cylindrical jars, extremely handsome and great for any use in any room; $1.30 to $3.95. From French Morocco a handsome and commodious shopping basket; $1.95. Not as yet priced are a group of casseroles, some coffee and tea pots in an orange-glazed iron-ware decorated with bright red flaming suns, an elegant wicker chair from Denmark, and a group of handsome ceramics from Switzerland that out Swedes the Swedes.

A Wednesday night class in conversational Italian starts at Greenwich House on January 11. Charge is $3 per month.



the village square

by John Wilcock

Enter Rod Colbin, 32, with a fanfare of trumpets. "The trouble with fencing," he said, "is that everybody thinks you need chandeliers and a rolling staircase before you can practise it. Actually, even this room has ample space."

He lunged towards the ashtray with his cigarette and whipped a book of photographs from under his arm with dazzling speed.

"Duelling's illegal, of course, these days," he said, "but there's a good deal of it on television. I've trained José Ferrer for "Cyrano and Vincent Price for "Monsieur Beaucaire," in addition to being stand-in and doing the actual fencing in most of the scenes.



ROD COLBIN

"Although I'm an actor by profession—I trained with Laurence Olivier at the Old Vic—I've been running my fencing school for about a year now and have acquired a mixed bag of pupils, including a doctor and an undertaker, which sounds ominous but isn't.

"Fencing isn't a dangerous sport but it's a very exciting one. And it's probably the only exercise in which you use all your muscles as well as your brain. It's a great equalizer, too; if you're thin you put weight on, if you're fat you get thinner. Nobody seems to know why."

He gathered up his clippings and began to leave. "Women take to fencing just as well as men," he added. "But their reflexes are often slower than yours and mine."

"Touché!" I shouted in reply. But it was too late: Colbin was already halfway down our rolling staircase.

Change That Tie

Somebody's wife sent me a necktie in the mail. "My husband got this for Christmas and doesn't like it," the accompanying letter read. "Can you do anything about it?"

Well, yes, it just so happens I'm about to initiate the Voice Tie Exchange. Just send me any necktie you don't like (plus a 3-cent stamp) and I'll put another one in the mail to you in exchange. And if you don't like that, I'll give you a second chance to mail it in for something better.

Address: Village Square, *Voice*, 22 Greenwich Avenue.

One of the firms listed at 28 East 4th Street, in the Village, is the Rolling Eyes Manufacturing Company.

Holiday Reading

From a quarterly magazine called *Hypnosis* ("Be Hep on Hyp —Get *Hypnosis* Magazine regularly") I learned it's possible to buy mechanical aids such as a "small cup-like kovar disk intended to roughly stimulate an eye, $1." . . . . In *Dating Tips For Girls* (see Page 4) a lady called Doris Blake writes: "To meet boys you've got to go where boys are . . . use your feminine wiles . . . if you are at the grocery store drop a bag of string beans on his feet." . . .

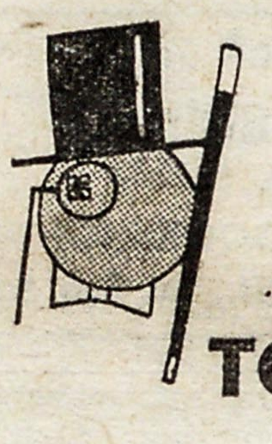


Several scoops for an elegant publication called *Intro Bulletin* this month. "Sidelights on the elevator of Monsieur Jean Cocteau" is one head, "Milanese Galleries Flower In Autumn", another. And Yoiks! Here's one nearer home — "New School Watches Head of Orpheus Floating To Lesbos" . . .

The Roundup, a monthly magazine published as the official organ of the Western Writers of America, encloses capsule reviews (all favorable) of its members' books and, in the current issue, begins a profile: "Not so many years ago, in Sweet Grass County, Montana, where she was born, a pig-tailed girl of eight was picking huckleberries beside a gulch trail when she found herself nose-to-muzzle with a grizzly bear . . . " . . . and to the *Telephone Almanac for* 1956 ("Wherever you rest/Or work or play/Is the place for a/Telephone today") I'm grateful for the information that today is the 120th anniversary of the first constitutional convention in Arkansas.

A costume jewelry store called Dorian on West 8th Street sells mousetraps encrusted with precious stones. People use them for paperweights. I don't know any mouse well enough to solicit an opinion.

Apartment-hunting? Try using a VOICE classified.



theatre uptown

Continued from page 7

to believe them representative of us, and will chuckle at the endearing simplicity of our tastes and manners.

Fortunately, "The Matchmaker" does not stop with being a pastiche. It seemed very funny to me indeed when I was allowed to forget its period flavor and simply give way to it as straight farce. At these times, it might well have been just as funny in modern dress and with modern references. Nor would I labor the point, did it not seem to me another example of a major discomfort of mine as an admirer of Thornton Wilder's: why does he always feel he has to ask my indulgence for something he is going to do on the stage? I am willing, any time one of his curtains goes up, to concede that he is playwright enough to make me like any sort of *tour de force* he cares to write; if he felt like reworking an ancient vein of stage comedy, it's fine with me. But the Victorianisms seem to me a kind of apologizing for it all, not quite as bald as Sabrina's asides in "The Skin of Your Teeth" but just as unnecessary.

A good deal of the time, despite the tone of the foregoing, I did find myself laughing at "The Matchmaker." My failure to dissolve as completely into hilarity as the man sitting next to me apparently stemmed from a difference in our degree of susceptibility to Ruth Gordon's performance. He roared every time Miss Gordon crossed the stage, an exercise she accomplishes with a flirtatious waddle which most of the audience found just as rewarding as did my neighbor. To me, this walk, like much of what Miss Gordon did, seemed just a little broader than the style of the rest of the cast, and hence not altogether desirable for the achievement of a group performance. When this sort of thing happens in the theatre, it has the unfortunate effect of making me remember where I am. However, my purpose is less to damn Miss Gordon than to say that I loved Miss Eileen Herlie more; in the second lead, she is very likely the most charming woman to have arrived on Broadway in a long, time. And I was constantly delighted by Arthur Hill, who plays opposite; surely no other man alive can crawl into a closet more entertainingly.

The direction of "The Matchmaker," by Tyrone Guthrie, who is suddenly the hottest stager around, is exhilaratingly good. The minor players, to several of whom Mr. Wilder has given neat philosophical asides, are all quite splendid, with the exception of a drunken cab-driver whom I found unintelligible. The sets take advantage of the above-discussed period joke with such virtuosity that one is inclined to forgiveness. I think you'll have a pretty good time at "The Matchmaker."

Doctor Faustus

The play by Christopher Marlowe, presented two weeks ago by the Downtown Players. Directed by Charles Marowitz.

It is quite possible that this off-Broadway trend in the New York theatre has gone far enough. At least, this would be so if being off-beat is to be regarded as the sole *raison d'être* for enticing an audience to an uncomfortable loft located somewhere in the nether regions of Second Avenue, and there subjecting it to a recherché piece unadorned by scenery, costumes, or any noticeable histrionic talent.

These were the first of the sins committed by the Downtown Players in their preview performances last fortnight of "Doctor Faustus." We can all understand their lack of material resources. But we then have the right to expect something from them in the way of spiritual sustenance. This we did not get. Christopher Marlowe's beautiful lines were marred by the absence of style, his philosophical insights lost by the obscurantist direction of Charles Marowitz and consequently lifeless acting. The tempo dragged and we were glad in the end, to go out into the bitter, snowy night.

A word to the Downtown Players: You say in your program notes that you hope to learn from your failures. May this observer offer some advice? For your next presentation, please, please, choose something less grandiose, less soul-searching, less broad in scope. Choose something more fitting to your rostrum. And pitch your voices a little higher, so that we can hear what you are saying above the screeching of the kids in the gym down below in the basement.

— H. David Davis.

EVENTS AND OPENINGS

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Theatre is at 85 East 4th Street, adjacent to the Fourth Street Theatre.

The late Kurt Weill, composer of "Threepenny Opera," acquired double representation in the Village with the opening the night before last of "Down in the Valley," his American folk opera, at the Actor's Playhouse. "Valley" will be presented Monday evenings and Saturday midnights for 10 weeks, supplementing the Actor's Playhouse regular productions, one of which, "Out of this World," closes on Sunday. It will be followed in three weeks by "He Who Gets Slapped."

Muriel Rahn stars in a drama called "Rustic Chivalry," which opens Saturday at the Cleff Theatre, 44 Second Avenue, a new off-Broadway showhouse. On the bill with "Rustic Chivalry" is "Baron-Almost," a comedy set to music by Straus.

Sunday afternoon at 3 there will be an organizational meeting of the American Dance Theatre, in Studio 505, Steinway Hall. The new group is headed by Earl Hague, a librettist and radio producer, who hopes to make it "fill the gap between the ballet theatre and strictly dance companies."

"Golden Alley," a comedy by Burt Marnik, opens Friday evening at the Clubhouse, 150 West 85th Street. "Alley" is a first presentation by the Argo Players. Art Smith is starred in the production.

Bach: Two Recorders

The Theodore Thomas orchestra presents Bach's "Brandenburg" Concerto Number 4, in its original setting for two recorders, violin, and strings, tonight at 6.15 at the Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 West 57th Street. Theodora and Richard Schulze head the Theodore Thomas group, which specializes in re-creating music of the Baroque period in its original form.

"If We Protest Fakery"

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lightful contraption that each one takes his turn trying to operate.

It is only by adhering to a critical standard that the off-Broadway theatre will become a vital force in New York. It is only by speaking out violently against fakery and candidly against honest shortcomings that the off-Broadway theatre can gain its own respect and the respect of others. Charity is not a virtue when it obscures the obvious failures of inept artists. Candor is much more to the point.

Play-reviewing is responsible for the propagation of more fraud than any criminal syndicate in the files of the FBI. It mollycoddles actors, directors, and playwrights, and dopes audiences into accepting low standards simply because high ones are rarely achieved. Off-Broadway play-reviewing—simple, inane reports of dramatic proceedings—must be done away with, and a return made to drama criticism. Let us treat the off-Broadway stage as if it were adult and responsible for its actions, rather than as a mewling infant which has to be nose-wiped, wet-nursed, pampered. If we protest fakery loud enough and incompetence long enough, the charlatans may be expelled and the amateurs converted.

Off Broadway Theatre Hooray

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was the expensive price for such an excursion.

The company at the Provincetown Playhouse that did "The Father," had its two Equity members pulled from its cast; understudies went on in a few hours. The company at the Cherry Lane ("Thumbs Up") was all Equity, and did not fold. This group was the first to begin the negotiations with Equity that ended in the forming of a workable contract allowing all Equity members to appear off Broadway. Then followed negotiations with the stagehand and other technical unions, so that these off-Broadway groups were able to function freely at last.

Two years or so ago, six off-Broadway groups were shut down for fire and other building violations. Almost all of them sprouted up again, violations corrected, some in the same place, some elsewhere. The two theatres of 1949 have bloomed into the 20 of today. And more than likely, the hundreds of tomorrow.

What's a little brummagem in the midst of the warm vitality of our off-Broadway theatre?

Rector's Charge

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referred in his sermon, *Rogue* for February, 1956. Some of the story titles in the last-mentioned magazine are: "How Green Was My Sex Life?", "Seduction—When Is It Rape?," and "School for Strippers."

"I do not think for a moment," continued Father Graf, "that the board of the A. C. U. is immoral, but I do submit that the contest and these lurid pulp magazines are."

And he told the *Voice* Monday: "The contest is a 'come-on' designed to appeal to people's gambling instinct. The first puzzles are ridiculously easy, but tie-breakers follow which are so difficult that books are needed to solve them. By a strange coincidence, some people who have entered previous contests of this kind have been sent literature through the mails offering books, offering help or solutions—at a price.

"I have entered this particular contest myself under an assumed name and I am keeping a careful check of all material sent to me. Needless to say, it costs money to enter each phase of the contest and similar contests organized by this same promoter, Keith Sutton, were described by an Appellate Court decision as falling 'barely short of violation of the anti-lottery and anti-gambling statutes.'

The Moral Aspects

"But it is not this that bothers me as much as the moral aspect. How can a church organization justify sponsoring ads in magazines that have been described by a Suffolk County D. A. as 'highly provocative, lewd, and suggestive?'"

Canon Albert J. Du Bois, executive secretary of the A.C.U., could not be reached for comment yesterday but S. Duane Lyon, the A.C.U. board's fund-raising chairman, said: "These charges have been made by Father Graf before, and we no longer even acknowledge them.

"At the A.C.U.'s last meeting a statement was issued saying that the whole matter had been discussed and found ethical. There has been no reason to change our attitude since then.

"It is true that my advertising agency used to place the ads in magazines but another agency has done this since October."

KINETOSCOPE, MEET VITAPHONE

Continued from page 1

Murnau directed and edited the film, "Tabu," and brought it back to Hollywood to interest a major company in releasing it. Paramount agreed to present it under their trademark, and "Tabu" was released a few days after Murnau's sudden death. A musical score was prepared by the studio, thus making it an acceptable film for the movie patrons of 1931.

After "Tabu" the last great silent film to be released was Chaplin's "Modern Times" (1936). The little fellow was the last Hollywood talent to hold out against the sound of his voice. When Chaplin realized he could no longer direct and produce his work without dialogue, he dropped his familiar characterization of the little tramp (although traces of this winsome creation could be detected in "The Great Dictator," "Verdoux," and the aging actor of "Limelight.") The microphone had won out, but at great expense to many a movie idol. Doubt still remains in many minds whether the screen had been right in learning speech. Many feel like Lillian Gish, who said at Eastman House a few weeks ago: "I feel we took the wrong road when we left pantomine and married words instead of music."

NYU Professor Starts 12-Volume Work on Whitman

An NYU professor started work this month on a series of books that will take him almost eight years to complete. The professor is Gay Wilson Allen, 52, a leading authority on poet Walt Whitman with whose writings the 12-volume series will deal.

First two volumes of "The Writings of Walt Whitman" will be published in the Spring of 1957 by New York University Press.

Whitman, who died in 1892 aged 73, never lived in the Village but contributed regularly to a magazine called the *Saturday Press* which has been described as "the first Bohemian weekly in America." The *Saturday Press* was associated closely with a restaurant called Pfaff's at Broadway and Bleecker Street. A warehouse stands on the site today.

Dr. Allen, recipient this year of a prize for his earlier biography of Whitman, "The Solitary Singer," told the *Voice*: "In those days the Village was pretty far uptown so far as most Manhattanites were concerned. In fact at that time the Village of later fame hadn't even been founded."

See The Village Square, page 10.